Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloucester* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane
Welcome destruction, death and massa
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling
How many of you haue mine eyes beh
My husband lost his life to get the crow
And often vp and downe my sonnes w
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine an
And being seated, and domesticke broy
Cleane ouer blowne, themselues the con
Make war vpon themselues, blood agai
Selfe against selfe, O prepostterous
And frankticke outrage, end thy damne
Or let me die to looke on death no mor
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither beare your treasure and yo
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your grac
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours.
Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctuar
The Trumpets sound Enter young
Gloucester, and Buckingham,
Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to Lond
Glo. Welcome sweete Cosen my thou
The weary way hath made you melanc
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses one th
Haue made it tedious, wearisome and h
I want more Vncles heere to welcome
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vert
Haue not yet diued into the worlds de
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Then of his outward shew, which God
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the hea
Those vncles which you want were dan
Your grace attended to their sugred w
But looke not on the poyson of their he